

He's Not Really Back

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He's Not Really Back

by [Lol_ItsPriya](#)

Summary

Cannot be read as a stand alone. Is a part of my series 'Is It Too Late To Fix This?'

The Avengers come to realizations. Some are good realizations, and some are not.

Chapter 1

Staring back at him was a young man—probably younger than 20, with brown hair and hazel eyes. His face was oddly familiar, but when he looked over and saw the look on his son's face, he knew.

Peter.

His face was somewhat similar to how Tony had last seen him, but he was now older, more mature. Tony had chemically straightened his hair when he was five, (it was too hard for the nannies to manage), but it seemed that Peter had managed to revert it back to its natural loose curls. He was also taller, probably 5'10 or 11. But the most notable thing on his face was his current expression.

He was pissed, probably because his identity just got revealed.

"Pete?" Tony muttered.

"First off, don't call me that. And second off, we have nothing to say to each other. We made an agreement, and since you have my identity now, I see no reason for you to be here"

"Hold on, you can't just drop a bombshell on us and then tell us to leave!" Harley exclaimed

"Yes, I can. Now leave" responded Peter, his expression stony.

"But—"

"He asked you all to leave," Stephen scowled, "So leave," he then opened a portal right into the center of Avengers Tower.

Tony objected, "you can't just—"

"Kick you out? Last time I checked, this was my sanctum. So yes, actually. I can just kick you out"

The Avengers awkwardly shuffled through, watching the three faces disappear with the portal.

Tony went straight down to his lab, whenever he was stressed he always went down there. How could Peter just look him in the eyes and tell him to leave? He was the boy's father! Peter coming back to them as Spiderman was proof that Peter knew he made a mistake, and that he realized they needed to be a family again. And then Peter just switches up on him in the sanctum? Not to mention how Peter used the last name Parker. He wasn't Peter Stark, he was Peter Parker. Peter had switched his last name purely to spite Tony. How did Peter even get a second social security number, passport, and everything else that came with a new identity? How could Peter do this to him?

And that man, Stephen Strange. It was clear that Stephen saw himself as some sort of....replacement of Tony. God, that made him so mad. He wasn't Peter's real father, Tony was! Stephen was just some crazy wizard that Peter had used to spite Tony.

Harley wasn't much better, he still couldn't fathom how Peter could just...kick them out like that. They clearly wanted to talk to him, tell him that he should come home, but instead, Peter just ignored them like they were nothing. He was Peter's brother, he obviously cared for him!

Harley was sitting in his room, playing with a rubix cube. 'So that's why Spiderman was so cold to me that day by the river', he thought, 'Peter was trying to spite me'. He looked over to the posters

that his father had gotten him as a surprise. Harley loved his dad more than anything, but the gnawing feeling of guilt had been eating away at him since he left the sanctum.

Maybe....Peter was right not to talk to them? Harley remembered the last time they saw Spidey, before they knew he was Peter.

They had asked for Peter's story, and Peter told them. It had sounded so cruel, to just ignore family like that. At the time, he applauded Spidey for leaving. But knowing that Peter was talking about them.....was that really what they did? Harley had few memories of Peter, and maybe that was the point.

'Fuck', Harley thought. He mentally scolded himself, was he really the problem?

Up above, the Avengers sat in the common area.

"So, Peter's Spiderman?", commented Natasha.

"I'm glad that kid was able to shape his life," Steve responded.

"Hold on, are we just going to ignore the fact that Peter showed up with magic powers? He literally pushed Natasha out of her body!" said Clint.

"It is most unusual, how much power Peter has," stated Vision, "He managed to temporarily disable Wanda's magic"

"Exactly! The kid randomly shows up with insane powers and combat skills, holds off all of us, and has a weird wizard in his corner! This is clearly not something that happened overnight. If the kid had powers, why didn't he just come to us?" said Clint,

"...That's true. I mean the kid probably ran away because he wanted to figure out how to control all that crazy shit, but he could've stayed here and learned with us," Bucky considered.

"Don't you all get it?" Steve burst, "We ignored that kid! He should have been just as much family as Harley was, and he wasn't! Tony was a fucked up father, and we didn't give two shits. He didn't know us! He probably thought we would have used his powers to control him! Maybe we would've! That kid had every right to tell us to fuck off!"

There was a beat of silence.

"Didn't know you felt that strongly about it, Rogers," Bruce responded.

"I feel strongly about it because that kid is exactly like me!"

The Avengers were silent, clearly waiting for an explanation.

Steve sighed, "When I was a kid, literally everyone over-looked me, 'cept Bucky of course. Back in the 40s, if you had asthma, it meant that you were also mentally weak. That, added up with my shitty eyesight, heart problems, scoliosis, partial deafness, and every other illness I had made people ignore me all the time. Specifically, my father. Joseph."

Bucky's face grew questioning, there was one thing in their entire relationship that Steve didn't mention beyond a few sentences, and that was his father.

"He...didn't like me. The first half of my life, he thought he could beat me into being healthy. The second half, he realized I was useless. There was this other kid, named Jack, his dad had died

because of something or another, and it was him and his mom. I'm pretty sure my father had an affair with Jack's mom, but it was different because my dad started treating Jack as his new son"

"Wait," Bucky interjected, "Jack Brown?"

"Yeah, I-uh, I knew you were friends with him which is why I didn't tell you"

Bucky's lips pursed, but he allowed Steve to continue.

"I was so jealous, especially because he started treating me like I wasn't even there. I'd go a week without seeing him, and it became clear that my father literally forgot about me. One day, he just didn't come home," Steve sighed.

"Round a year after I got famous for saving Bucky and those men," he continued, "my father managed to bribe one of the higher ups to get a meeting with me. Turns out he was rich enough to bribe a general and get to Europe, but not rich enough to leave my mother with some money when he left."

OoOoO

'Steve recognised the face immediately, but he tried not to let it show. Why was he here anyways?

"Steve! Don't you recognise me? It's me, Dad. Come 'ere and give me a hug"

Joseph tried to embrace him, but Steve pushed him away.

"What are you doing here?" he said coldly.

"I thought I would see my son. It's been so long!"

"Bullshit," Steve spat, "You hated me"

"I never hated you, Steven!"

"So what? You had an affair with Brown and adopted her son for shits and giggles? You beat me and Ma since I was ill because you felt like it? Not to mention the fact that you left us with nothing, but you're rich enough to come to Europe"

"Stevie—"

"Don't call me that! I have nothing to say to you"

With that, he shoved Joseph away and walked out of the door.

OoOoO

After Steve told his story, it was silent. Clint had gone quiet. He supported Steve all the way, but his and Peter's situations were almost identical. He couldn't support Steve and villainize Peter.

Jesus christ, he was a horrible person.

Steve was right, if he compared the way he treated Harley and the way he treated Peter....Jesus. He literally did not look at that kid, and then chose to mouth off about him. He didn't understand that kid's situation at all, and yet he still chose to comment on it.

Now the guilt was consuming him, and god knows that he needed to apologize.

The next passing weeks were, yet again, strange. Everyone was walking on eggshells, and it was clear Tony was not okay. Meanwhile, Tony's head was full of fantasies. He couldn't stop thinking of the times he had with Spiderman before he knew about his identity.

They had only hung out three times before the faithful conversation about Spider Man's past. Tony got chills, he didn't like to think about that conversation. Spiderman meshed perfectly with the group, they could have made him an Avenger! The easy quips, witty humor, and overall easygoing-ness made Spiderman a perfect addition to the family.

And Tony could be able to have that again, with Peter.

He could imagine it now, family game nights with Peter. Peter coming home from school with Harley, being met with the Avengers coming back from an exhausting mission. Everyone playing charades in front of the warm fireplace while it was pouring rain outside. Staying up as late as they wanted because it was a Friday night. Tony, Peter, Pepper and Harley would be on the same team, and Peter and Harley would be perfectly in sync, earning the most points out of everyone.

Or maybe there would be some other threat in New York. Spiderman, Iron Lad and Iron Man would be the perfect superhero trio. Taking down threats like it was nothing, the media would even give them their own ridiculous trio name.

All he had to do to make his vision true, was convince Peter to talk to him.

Over the next couple of days, Tony went digging. He called in old connections, made a generous donation, and hacked into multiple servers until he eventually found Peter's college and home address.

Peter lived in his college dorm, and had a paid internship at an extremely prestigious bioengineering lab. The kid really had made a life for himself. Hell, if he applied to Stark Industries, he would've gotten in right away.

Immediately, Tony planned to make a 'generous offer' to lecture at one of Peter's classes and catch him afterwards. Maybe throw around a sorry, tell Peter to come back and that he was now wanted in the family.

Of course, things didn't always go as planned.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Some apologies given, others are not.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Ah, shit!”

“Tony, what is it?” asked Natasha.

“Well, I wanted to pay Peter a visit today, but apparently I have a surprise board meeting I have to go to. And it’s not like I can skip this one because I’ve skipped the past two”

Steve looked up from his sketchbook, “You’re going to visit Peter?”

“Yeah, why?”

“No reason, but outta curiosity, where? It’s not like that wizard dude will let you back to the sanctum”

“You’re right, that’s why I was gonna surprise him at his campus”

If there was one thing Steve knew, it was that whatever Tony was planning was a shit idea.

But at the same time....arguing with Tony Stark was never a good idea, and it was clear that Peter wasn’t a kid anymore. He could handle himself. Plus...if Steve were able to find out where exactly Peter’s campus was...maybe he could make things right with Peter.

A couple more questions later, he figured out where Peter was. Now, all that was left was to go and get him.

He went down to the tower garage to go and get his motorcycle, and he was hoping that Peter was actually there and not in his apartment or something.

“Uhm, Steve?”

Steve turned around to see Harley sanding behind him, and envelope in his hands.

“Harley? What’re you doing here?”

“I know you’re going to see Peter to apologize, ‘n I wanted to, too, but I can’t go. I don’t know why but I can’t face it, so I was coming down here to ask.....”

“If I could give him the envelope? Sure, kid. Anytime”

Harley gave him a small smile as he handed Steve the envelope, and shortly after, Steve was off to see Peter.

OoOoO

Jesus Christ, why was this so hard?

He was literally looking at the kid, and yet he couldn't bring himself to go over there. Peter was currently sitting at a bus stop near his campus, seemingly unaware of Steve's presence.

Somehow, Steve mustered up the courage to go over to Peter before the bus came. But as he sat down beside Peter, it was clear that Peter was either intentionally ignoring him or too absorbed in his phone to notice who had sat down next to him.

"Uhm, Peter?"

Peter's head snapped up, and his eyes widened upon the realization of who Steve was.

"If you're here for Tony—," he said, standing up.

"I'm not here for Tony, or any of the other Avengers," Steve responded, "actually, I came to apologize"

Peter raised his eyebrows, urging Steve to go on.

"Look, kid. I'm sorry, I really am. I used to think that because I didn't do anything, I couldn't have possibly done anything wrong," Steve sighed, "But now I see that was exactly the problem".

Peter's expression was still unreadable, but Steve kept going anyway.

"For a while in my life...my father treated me the same way Tony treated you. Acted like I didn't exist, pushing me aside for another kid my age. The Avengers are my family. When I saw Tony treating you the way that he did...I just couldn't bear the thought that Tony was the same type of person as my father, who I resented for so long. Which is why I ignored him. You don't need to forgive me, but you do deserve to know why I never stuck up for you, and for that, I'm sorry."

Peter was silent for a little bit, taking in this newfound information. Finally, he spoke.

"You said 'resented'. As in past tense. Did it...get better? How did you make it get better?"

"It never got better. I say resented because I've run out of energy to keep hating him. Doesn't mean I forgave him, just that I've lost the need to spend my energy on him. I never forgave him, and you don't have to forgive Tony, either"

"Thank you, Steve. And if you're wondering, yes. I do forgive you"

Just then, the bus came, and Steve knew that though this conversation was ending, it wouldn't be there last.

"Wait! Before you go, Harley just wanted me to give you something," Steve said, before taking the envelope out of his pocket.

Peter looked hesitant to take it, "this is from Harley?"

"I didn't read it, so I don't know what his intentions are. But I think he's trying to apologize too"

Peter took it after the bus driver yelled at him to get on or off, and Steve was left there at the bus stop, hoping that this was the start of change.

OoOoO

Steve had come and apologized, which honestly shocked Peter. But the thing that really got him was the letter.

Harley's letter sat heavy in Peter's hand, burning itself into his skin. What could Harley possibly want? Was this...an apology?

'No, it couldn't possibly be...' Peter thought as he stepped off the bus.

He was no in his apartment, sitting on his bed, staring at this damn letter. He highly doubted Tony would be giving him an apology, but he honestly never even thought about Harley giving him one.

He peeled open the envelope, to find a single sheet of folded paper inside. He slowly opened it, his eyes skimming over the handwritten letters without actually reading them.

He felt so...conflicted. He harbored so much resentment towards Harley and his father, but like Steve said, eventually you run out of energy. Peter had run out of energy to constantly hate Harley, which is why he preferred to not think about him at all.

But of course, Harley had to come crashing back into his life again.

After five minutes of staring at the letter, unable to comprehend the words, Peter finally got the courage to read it.

'Dear Peter,

Before I start this off, I want you to know that if I could say what I'm about to say to you in person, I would. Unfortunately, life got in the way, so I'm writing to you instead. The only real place to start is by me telling you that I'm sorry. I really am. I'm sorry that I blocked you out of the family, and I'm sorry that I was never your brother. You deserve to know why I did the things I did, so here it goes.

My mother was a drug addict. Her husband was the one who got her addicted. They both had substance abuse problems, and they took it out on me and my sister. I'm not going to go into detail about that part, but eventually, one of our teachers noticed something was up and called CPS. When the investigation was finished, I had a DNA test done to see if I had any next of kin, which was obviously Tony. I don't know why he treated us so differently, but I do know that he gave me the life that I never thought I'd have. Which is why I never spoke to you. At first, I thought that if I did, Tony might take away the new life I had, and I couldn't risk that. But eventually, the guilt got to me, and it just became easier to forget about you all together.

Obviously, none of that is any excuse for what I did, the pain that I caused you. But I really hope that not only can you accept my apology, but maybe we can be brothers again.

-Sincerely, Harley

On the bottom of the page, Harley had scrawled his private mailing address, probably so that Peter could write back.

But what was there to say? Harley was talking about being brothers again— something Peter knew he couldn't do. However, he couldn't deny the fact that the explanation provided Peter some solace. Knowing why he was shunned...it brought him some strange peace to know that it truly wasn't his fault.

After a quick phone call to Strange, explaining everything that had happened, he knew what he was going to write back.

As he put the letter in the collection mailbox a few hours later, he spotted a mysterious figure across the street.

Only, they weren't mysterious. After a second look, it seemed that Hawkeye had come to talk to him.

Today was just full of second chances, wasn't it?

OoOoO

As Steve arrived at the tower, Clint realized immediately where he'd been.

Making amends.

He supposed he should probably do that too, but what would he even say? 'Hey kid, sorry for ignoring you for like ten years and then talking about you like you were the devil even though you were in your rights?'

Jesus, he sounded ridiculous.

But it had to be done, didn't it? It's not like he could just ignore the kid even more, that would make him even more of an asshole. He had to do this. He just didn't know how.

"How'd it go?" he asked, nonchalantly.

"Are you asking how our conversation went or how to go about apologizing?" Steve replied.

With a defeated look from Clint, Steve had gotten his answer. Most of the other Avengers also needed help. It was clear they were all beating themselves up over their massive screw up, but it's not like appearing out of the blue after over a decade would be easy.

In the end, they decided that Clint would be their spokesperson, as surprising Peter with the Avengers team outside his door didn't seem like the best idea.

Finally, after more than three hours, the Avengers figured out what they were going to say.

"We're sorry. You don't have to forgive us," Clint started, "But we need to apologize anyway. For the past couple of years, we've all been having our own rough times. Tony is a part of our family, so the realization that Tony might be doing something insanely shitty was not a pill any of us could swallow. But obviously, that hurt you. In more ways than I can imagine. And for that, I am so, so sorry. We all are"

Peter stared back, clearly still shocked that this was happening.

"I'm not going to say it was okay, because it wasn't. But you should know...that I'm open to having a relationship with y'all. If you'll have me, of course," Peter joked at the last part.

Clint just gave him a smile, and for the first time Peter thought that maybe, things would be okay.

OoOoO

This was not okay.

It had been a week after Peter had called him to tell him that the Avengers were apologizing. Of course, from the list that had come to see him, one name was painstakingly obvious. It was the name that wasn't there.

Tony Stark.

Peter hadn't told him how he felt about Stark's absence. Stephen had decided it best not to push. If it really bothered Peter, then he would come to him. So when Tony Stark decided to pay a surprise visit to Peter's campus, then of course Stephen had to see if he had the right intentions.

It was pure coincidence that Stephen had come to Peter's campus that day. Stephen just felt like checking in on Peter, planning to take him out to a nice lunch. However, he wasn't too sure about those lunch plans when he saw the one and only Tony Stark lingering outside one of Peter's classes.

So that's how Stephen Strange found himself at a college campus speed walking towards Tony Stark.

"Stark," Stephen announced.

He turned around, clearly recognizing that voice. "If it isn't my favorite wizard," he said sarcastically.

"What are you doing here?"

"Who, me? I was just planning to do a nice 'lil speech at this class, why?"

"You know exactly why I'm asking," Stephen replied

"Can't a guy be generous?"

"Look," Stephen started, "I'm going to cut to the chase. Every other Avenger has come here and apologized for what they did to Peter. Even Harley sent a letter. You are the only one missing from the list. Now I don't know how hard Peter's taking it, if he's even affected at all, but if you're not here to apologize, then I suggest you leave"

Tony was silent for a second, clearly surprised to hear that the other Avengers had come.

"First off, I don't know who you think you are, but I am Peter's real father—"

"I'm going to stop you right there. You've never been Peter's father. If you were, he wouldn't have left. You treated him like he was invisible! You think it made me happy? When he cried over me remembering his birthday? Or when he cried over how you were so quick to accept Spiderman but not him?"

Tony shifted, clearly uncomfortable.

"Well it didn't!" Stephen snapped, "So if you're not here to apologize—legitimately apologize—then I suggest you leave"

Tony just silently glared at Stephen before accepting his defeat, walking off to one of his fancy sports cars.

Stephen sighed, relieved that Peter wouldn't have to deal with Tony's shit.

Peter may not have Tony, but he has Stephen, and now Harley and the other Avengers. He'd be okay.

The epilogue will be coming soon! Make sure to subscribe to this work because the final chapter is where y'all will figure what happened to Miles, what Peter wrote back to Harley, and of course what relationship that Peter, Tony, Harley and the Avengers have managed to salvage. The ending to this is a bit poorly done, but I really wanted to get this out there for you guys.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Tony gets some sense slapped into him, and all the loose ends finally get tied up. A look into Peter's relationship with the Avengers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Tony got back to the tower, he figured that he could tell the other Avengers about what happened. That they would comfort him, offer him some advice, and maybe put on a good movie to take his mind off things.

He was not expecting Captain America and Hawkeye to be staring him down from the second he walked out of the elevator. The both of them were eating some of Wanda's cookies at the kitchen island, which should have made the scene in front of him less intimidating, but it didn't change the tension that hung in the air.

"Thanks for the warm welcome," Tony joked.

Clint and Steve were still dead silent, still glaring at Tony.

"Okay, if I knew that it would be -5 degrees in here, I would've gone out and bought a coat"

Still nothing.

"Okay will you two just--"

"You went to the kids' campus?" Clint said.

"Yeah-- and the stupid wizard got in my way. Trying to 'protect' Peter. He clearly does not understand that I am Peter's father and--"

"I'm gonna stop you right there, Tony," Steve replied. "You neglected him for over 15 years Tony. Your opportunity at fatherhood with him is long gone."

"Seriously? You're agreeing with them?"

"We both are!" Clint exclaimed, "Tony, we all neglected that kid! Literally every single one of us has apologized, and Peter is being more than forgiving by letting us have a second chance!"

"He's right, Tony. I don't know why you neglected him, but it took him running away, creating a secret vigilante persona and being forced to work with us so that you could have a positive conversation with him! The only reason you want him around is because of Spiderman!"

"That's not true!"

"Then what is it?" Clint started, "You neglected the kid for what? Shits and giggles? You seem to get along with him fine when you don't realize who he is! Why Spiderman and Harley and not

him?”

“Look, I understand that I made some mistakes, okay? But I realize now that I fucked up, and i’m trying to make it better! I never meant to be like that towards Peter, and now I just want him to give me a second chance!”

“But that’s the point, Tony! You don’t deserve a second chance! You don’t deserve anything from him! As a matter of fact, He deserves an apology!”

“And I’m trying to apologize! But I can’t do that if that stupid Doctor won’t let me speak to him!”

All three of them were quiet for a moment, trying to catch their breaths after all the yelling.

“What are you apologizing for?” Steve asked.

“I’m sorry?” said Tony.

“What. Are. You. Apologizing. For.”

Tony just let out a breath before running his hand through his hair.

“Even Harley’s sent a letter, Tony”

Tony broke the silence, “I’m just like Howard, aren’t I?”

OoOoO

Three and a half months later

“Peter, get over here!” Steve called.

“What is it now?” Peter laughed.

“Who would win in an arm wrestle match? Natasha or Clint?”

The Avengers had just raided a HYDRA base, and the mission was a massive success, putting everyone in a good mood. It was in a remote part of Russia, so with Dr. Strange as transportation, the Avengers were successfully able to bring along Spiderman, who’s stealth talents were much needed. It had also been Iron Lad’s first real mission, and everyone was more than pleased to announce that Harley had grown a lot since the water monster in New York. Of course, the adrenaline wasn’t out of anyone’s system just yet, so that left the Avengers, Iron lad, Spiderman, and Dr. Strange celebrating their victory with a much needed party at Stark Tower.

Peter’s relationship with the Avengers was definitely getting better. They weren’t family quite yet, but they were certainly friends. Different tabloids reported on Spiderman and the Avengers laughing together sharing shawarma, the Avengers and Spiderman exchanging witty quips often, and even Spiderman sitting on top of Stark Tower.

Still, things between Peter and Tony were...awkward, to say the least.

Tony had delivered his apologies only a week after Steve and Clint slapped some sense into him. Tony soon realized that the reason he neglected Peter all those years...was because Peter reminded him of himself. Tony sometimes blamed himself for Howards neglect, so he figured that because Peter was so much like him, Tony was destined to become Howard anyway. The explanation to his

actions was long, but it felt like the silence after it was done was longer. After a while, Peter just slowly looked up at Tony and said,

“I don’t forgive you, but i’ll give you a second chance”

Tony supposed that he was given much more than he deserved, but it was moments like these where he felt like he wasn’t given a second chance at all. Peter was leaned over, arm wrestling Bucky after Natasha and Clint took too long on their match. Peter was clearly winning, up against Bucky’s vibranium arm no less. Strange, however, was laughing along with the rest of the Avengers, a look of fatherly pride on his face.

God, even when Peter and Strange weren’t trying, they still looked like the biological father and son. When Peter was uncomfortable or unsure what to say, he looked at Strange. After a fight, the first person Peter would call was Strange, to let him know he was okay. Even the littlest things, like sharing food or saying goodbye was just so paternal. And every time Tony was forced to witness it, the only thing he could think was, ‘that was supposed to be me’.

Correction, it was supposed to be him if he didn’t fuck up in every way he knew how. Even Daredevil has a better relationship with Peter, viewing each other as uncle and nephew.

It was overwhelmingly clear that even though Peter had given him a second chance, Tony would never be Peter’s true family.

“By the way, Peter. You never told us what happened to Miles,” Harley’s voice cut through Tony’s thoughts.

“Oh yeah! Do you guys remember that weird water monster thing?”, everyone nodded, “ turns out, it wasn’t a lab mistake or anything like that. It was an entity from Miles’ universe that somehow got sucked into this one. Since time works differently across the multiverse, when Miles’s followed it in, he got spit out weeks after we had already taken care of it”

“Do we know what brought them into this universe?” asked Wanda.

“No,” responded Strange, “I’ve been looking into it, but it’s not really my top priority since nothing else has appeared in this reality. We used a spell to send Miles home, if you’re wondering”.

Harley had already tuned out at this point, his mind floating back to the letter Peter had sent him.

Peter was a great member of the team, much more helpful than Harley, anyways. He was funny and witty and clever and everything Harley wanted to be. Strong, brave, selfless. The team clearly respected him and viewed him as an equal, meanwhile they viewed Harley as the little kid who didn’t know what the hell he was doing.

To be fair, maybe that’s what he was. It’s not like Peter was still learning all the ropes, he was literally New York’s most respected vigilante. Hell, even Daredevil respected him. He learned the mystic arts, and used his skills to hold off all of the Avengers for a period of time. Meanwhile, here was Harley, who’s desire to help only stemmed from the other heroes around him and his old experiences in poverty.

Things weren’t exactly awkward between Peter and Harley, the two were friends. Peter made that abundantly clear.

He still remembers opening Peter’s letter, not sure if he should be relieved or hurt. The letter read,

Dear Harley,

Out of everyone, I believe that you are the most deserving of forgiveness. You were just clinging on to the family that you had, and though it hurt me, I can't blame you. You asked me if maybe we could work towards being brothers again, but that's where the problem is. We were never brothers in the first place. Though 'brothers' is unachievable, 'friends' is something I would like to work towards.

Sincerely, Peter.

He supposed he should be lucky he was being forgiven at all, and looking at Peter now, having fun with the Avengers and helping on missions, he's glad he was.

Peter was also glad. Harley and Tony were familial bridges that he had burned a long time ago, and he had no interest in rebuilding them once more. He was happy, keeping Tony at a distance and being friends with Harley. Frankly, he never thought he'd get to this point. But here he was, looking around at his new friends and his father, celebrating a victory he didn't think he would get to be a part of.

Maybe he was going to be okay, after all.

Chapter End Notes

I know, it's been a while! I really hope you like this work, as it's the last work in the series! Just a disclaimer, i'm not taking criticisms. This was Really hard for me to put out, and after some consideration, I just decided to give yall an epilouge instead of my full ending, as I had/have no motivation for this story. Please go check out my other fic, The Black Cat, and I hope yall liked this!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!